

Hox Collegíí



Christmas

1930

GOING TO PARTIES



Our Junior Misses' and Senior Girls' Shop Suggests :

A delightfully youthful frock of rayon flat crepe on Gre-
cian lines. In white, scarlet,
pink. Sizes 13 to 19.

Price \$15.75

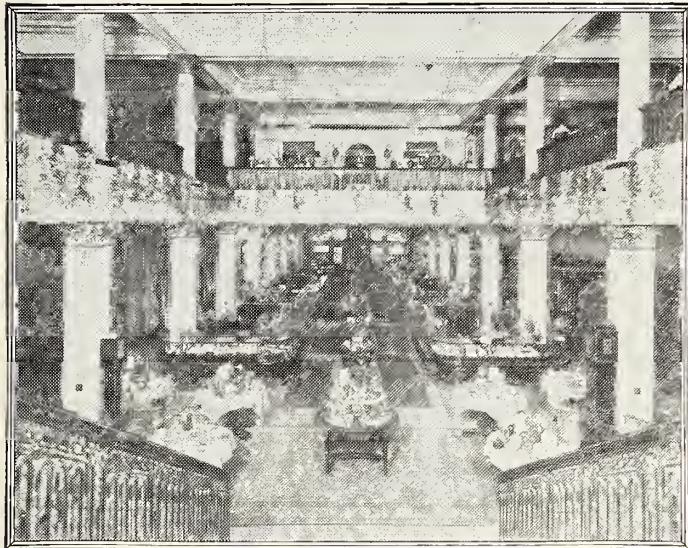
Rayon crepe satin in white
or pastel pink or blue with
romantic neck frill and diag-
onal line. Sizes 13 to 19.

Price \$12.50

What more charming than
this little lace frock. In pas-
tel, green, blue, pink. Sizes
12, 14, 14X.Price \$19.50

EATON'S—Fourth Floor, Queen Street

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED



Interior view, Ryrie-Birks, from the Grand Staircase.

The Rendezvous

A DISTINGUISHED man of letters, looking unusually amiable, is enjoying a visit to the Antique Silver Shop A well-known society man and his exquisitely dressed companion are enthusing over the new cuttings in diamond rings **C** In the Court of Gifts a charming novitiate of the Junior League is the centre of a laughing group While a tour of the English Leather, and English China or Crystal sections reveals a significant number of other delightful persons. They may be famous or just merely Nice People, but too many of them meet at Ryrie-Birks to call it coincidence.

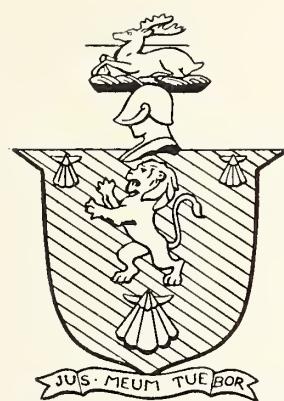
For many years Ryrie-Birks' has been an institution in Toronto life and the accepted shopping rendezvous among Toronto's best-known families.

RYRIE-BIRKS
L I M I T E D
Y O N G E & T E M P E R A N C E S T S.
T O R O N T O



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Dedication

This, the 1930 issue of "Vox
Collegii", we lovingly dedicate to
Hana Fukuda, our dear little school-
mate from the "Land of the Cherry
Blossom"

Table of Contents

| | |
|--------------------------|----|
| Dedication | 6 |
| Acknowledgment | 7 |
| Dr. Carscallen's Message | 9 |
| College Song | 11 |
| The Little Tree | 12 |
| Miss Maxwell's Message | 13 |
| The First Noel | 14 |
| Editorials | 15 |
| The Hall Window | 16 |
| Fall Fever | 18 |
| Venetia | 19 |
| Mount Fuji | 21 |
| School Notes | 22 |
| S. C. M. | 28 |
| Hencour Club | 29 |
| Athletics | 30 |
| Music | 32 |
| Jokes | 34 |
| Exchange | 38 |
| Autographs | 40 |



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

“But, pardon, gentle all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared,
On this unworthy scaffold to bring
forth
So great an object.”

—Shakespeare.

We, the Editorial Staff of *Vox Collegii*, have worked hard to place in your hands a book which will meet with your approval. We would ask you not to judge us too harshly but to make allowance for the limited time in which we had to do our task. Each member of the staff has laboured willingly in her own sphere. We have endeavored to treat all contributions with fair criticism, and we hope that you will support our choice of material. We have burned the midnight oil in order to print a book which we may be proud to call our own.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Maxwell, our Faculty Adviser, for her patient guidance over the obstacles we so many times encountered. We would also like to thank Miss Hunt and Miss Royce for their enthusiastic co-operation in acting as judges of the contest material.



VOX COLLEGII

"Forsan et hacc elim meminisse juvabit."

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Dr. Carscallen's Message

N our celebration of the Christmas Season this year, there is apt to be an undertone of sadness. There is such world-wide depression, unemployment and suffering, the progress toward disarmament and peace seems to be so slow and hesitant, there are so many forces tending to undermine our morals and the whole fabric of our civilization, that our thoughts may be inclined to dwell on these.

But, taking the larger view, we remember that God is never in a hurry. We see that His purposes, through the centuries, go broadening on, and that through the co-operation of men of good-will in every nation, humanity is appreciably nearer the realization of our Master's dream and the Angels' song—"Peace on Earth and Good-will to Men."

To the Editor and Managers of Vox, and members of the Faculty and Staff, to the students who share the life of the College, and to all our old students into whose hands this number may come, we extend our Heartiest Greetings and Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and much joy in the New Year. "Like the Magi of old, may we all at this season behold Christ in a deeper sense of wonder and worship, and offer Him our best gifts."



College Song

Presented most affectionately by the Graduating Class of '25
to their Alma Mater

*Dear old Trafalgar
Hear thou our hymn of praise
Hearts full of love we raise
Proudly to thee
Thy splendour never falls,
Truth dwells within thy walls
Thy beauty still entralls
Dear O. L. C.*

*Through thee we honour
Truth, virtue, loveliness.
Thy friendships e'er possess
Our constancy.
Thy spirit fills us through
So we'll be ever true
To our dear blue and blue
Of O.L.C.*

*O! Alma Mater!
How can we from thee part?
Thou only hast our heart,
Dearest of schools!
Thy glory we shall see
Wherever we may be,
Still love of O.L.C.
Our future rules.*



The Little Tree

*I stood within the woodland's silent peace
But yesterday,
The pure cold breath of Winter in the air,
The light soft snow upon my branches green.
The busy movement of the chickadee,
His far clear call, the murmuring whisper low
Of icy wind, the only sounds astir.*

*To-day within this lighted stifling room,
My branches bent with tinsel and with toys,
With blaring music constant in the air,
I stand apart from my companions green,
Who lift their heads toward the shining stars,
And move their boughs in the soft hush of night.*

*Upon the morrow I shall lie cast out,
My foliage dropping from my branches dry,
And one sweet memory to console my death—
That little children, with their eyes aglow,
Loved me and greeted me, their Christmas Tree.*

—A. A. MAXWELL.

Miss Maxwell's Message

IN the hearts of most people at Christmas there is effortless kindness, spontaneous consideration for the happiness of others, good will in the very air we breathe. When the New Year comes, the heart makes a silent resolve to carry over this joy. Not many, perhaps, recognize that a part of the merry exhilaration is due to extra work. You know well enough that in a game the point of strain is the point of exhilaration. Is this not true of work, too? And so, when merry, crowded Christmas is over, I wish you with all my heart a New Year of effort, work that will task your powers—a Happy and Joyous New Year.

The First Noel

The Star of Bethlehem shines bright
Far in that starry Eastern land;
Guiding the Three Wise Men who come,
With frankincense, gold and myrrh in
hand.

They follow the gleaming star of faith,
In search of Christ, the new-born King;
While Noel's strains float through the
night,
And choirs of heavenly voices sing.

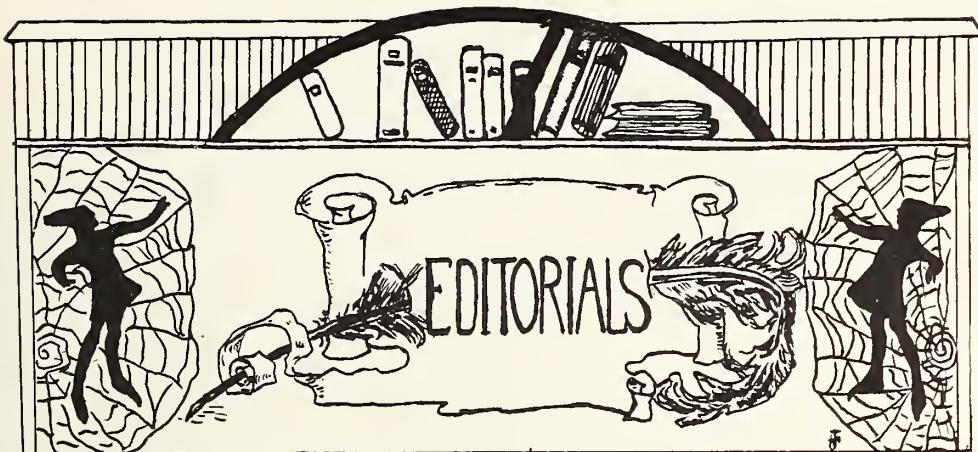
No kingly pomp, no royal crown,
Is there to greet the sovereign Child,
But there is holiness and awe,
Mingled with purity undefiled.

The angels hover o'er the Babe,
The humble crouch about His bed,
The Halo of Divinity
Outlines the Sacred Sleeper's head.

His Mother reverent vigil keeps,
The Babe lies asleep in the hay,
While cattle low and the still night wanes
And the dawn ushers in the day.

Decades have passed since that first Noel
Was sung by the Angel Band,
But on Christmas Morn we hear it again
Bringing Peace and Good-will to the land.

—By MARJORIE FETTERLY.



Once again the joyous yuletide dawns on our O.L.C. The hands of time turn rapidly and we find ourselves in another season. Our fair campus exchanges its autumn cloak of many hues for the spotless white robe of winter. The air is full of Christmas cheer and a light of happy anticipation shines in the eyes of the college girls. For us, Christmas is the most delightful time of the entire year. Excitement reigns supreme in the echoing halls as we prepare for the approaching holidays. Nevertheless, there is a feeling of sadness at the thought of leaving so many dear friends. We scatter east, west, north and south, to come together again only at the call of our Alma Mater.

The spirit of peace and good-will has already filled the heart of the busy world. Petty grievances and prejudices are forgotten and shut out by the influence of this season.

Soon, the walls of old Trafalgar will cease to echo our talk and laughter and will await in silent expectance, our return.

The old year is drawing to a close and we are looking forward to the new year, with new resolutions for a finer future. Let us try to make this year the most successful and the most enjoyable year that O.L.C. has ever experienced.

—M. FETTERLY.

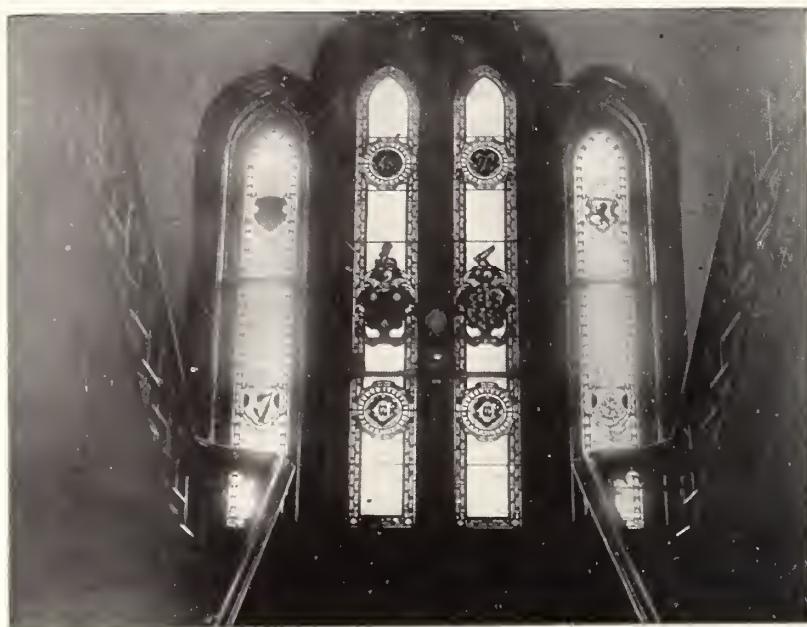
This life may become one that seems short or long. Of course that does not imply that we can take a patent drug or leap off some bridge into nothingness. But rather it implies that we can go about life cheerfully so that when we look back on life, the past seems one short span of golden opportunities and pleasant memories or on the other hand we can grumble and complain and then when we look back we see wasted opportunities and our whole life seems to be long and dreary, and a good thing from which to escape.

There are several factors that enter into this phase of making life pleasant. We can take life as it is and be content with it: or better yet, we can improve it and contribute to the world, in such a way that some form of cheer and beauty may enter into dark and lonely lives.

In the great literature of the ages, it is not the tragedies that have found most favor with readers, but rather those writings which maintain cheerfulness and end the narration happily. Edgar Allan Poe has won some fame but the authors of the great comedies and romances have truly tasted the fruits of immortal renown.

As the New Year approaches let us make resolutions that in their cheerfulness may not only gladden our own lives, but also those around us.

—NORMA THOMPSON, Asst. Editor.



The Hall Window

One of the many beautiful and fascinating objects in Trafalgar Castle, which seems to hold all the mystery and wonder of the past, is the large east window at the end of the main hall. It can only be seen as a whole from the foot of the stairs, over which it looks. This window attracts one's attention because of its beauty of colour and design, especially as seen any late afternoon, when the light still shines through it, but the hall below is in shadow.

Last winter an easterly storm of great violence blew in a small part of the window and threatened more damage. When repairs were made, the whole was examined and strengthened. Many former students made inquiry for the beautiful old window of many memories, and Vox is printing a cut for the students this Christmas, for which this description is written.

I should judge the window is about

twenty feet in height. It is made up of pointed arches in Gothic style; a central one, made up of two small arches, and two other arches one on each side. The glass is set well back between the mullions; the medallions, the shields, and the two coats-of-arms in bright colours, are set on a background of crystal white glass, with arabesque ornamentation; this background enriches the colours of the window; the whole arrangement and colour scheme is well balanced and pleasing to the eye.

Commencing with the arch at the left of the spectator who faces the window, there is a shield at the top with England's three golden "leopards passants," set on a rich crimson ground. Two small spots of blue on each side of the shield add variety in colour, and the whole is bordered with a circle of silver-grey. The crest on top of the shield is the Crown of England. Following the window down,

at the foot is another emblem, Ireland's crimson harp, with silver strings, is set on a blue shield, with a touch of crimson on both sides, and crested with the English Crown. The window in this arch is bordered with a design of the silver thistle-leaf, set on crimson, which is edged with blue.

The central portion of this window is intensely interesting. In the upper part of each division there is a medallion. The one on the spectator's left has the monogram of the builder of the castle in gold and silver, set on a deep crimson background. The medallion has a silver edge. Identically the same, except for the monogram, is the medallion corresponding to it at the right, with the monogram of Mrs. Reynolds, the builder's wife. In the central position in this arch, on the spectator's left, is the Reynolds' coat-of-arms. The escutcheon is green, adorned with pale green shamrocks, and the royal beast is in the centre, "touching the ground with but one foot and clawing at the air in noble rage." Three silver shells adorn the escutcheon, one on each side at the top, and one below the lion. Above this escutcheon are silver and red oak leaves, and an esquire's helmet of a deep and beautiful blue; below the escutcheon, the motto "Jus Meum Tuebor." The crest is a purplish brown deer in couchant position, with its right fore-leg gracefully arched. Perhaps some ancestor of Mr. Reynolds chose the deer as his emblem, when England was covered with forests, and wild deer were common. All of this makes up the Reynolds' coat-of-arms. At the right, corresponding to this, is Mrs. Reynolds' coat-of-arms. The escutcheon is quartered, two quarters representing the Reynolds' arms, a silver ground with a golden lion, and two quarters representing Mrs. Reynolds' family shield, a crimson

ground with silver and gold arm covered with armour. Below this escutcheon is the motto "Vie et Armis." The crest of this shield is the armed hand in blue. The border of these centre divisions, is the shamrock on a silver ground with crimson edge.

The shield at the top of the arch at one's right, represents Scotland, the rampant lion in red, on a silver shield, which is bordered with red and silver. A touch of blue on both sides of the shield adds vividness to it. The English Crown rests on top of this shield. Following the window down there is another shield near the bottom with the device used for Upper Canada before Confederation. The shield is a lovely azure, on it is a silver sword and spear crossed with a battle-axe, and beneath are two horns full of fruit, denoting plenty. ⁷

After studying this fine window, one cannot help wishing to know more about the past history of this old castle, and to pursue still further, the fascinating subjects of heraldry and painted glass windows. I wonder how many girls have gone up and down these stairs and have thought how beautiful this priceless window is! Perhaps the unique beauty of it has meant a great deal to some of them and they are carrying with them, as they are doing their life work in this great world, the atmosphere and wonder that this window conveys, feeling with Keats that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing."

—By ALICE P. CARSCALLEN.

Prize Essay on Window.

Fall Fever

It is my firm conviction that there is such a thing as "fall fever." As far as I know it is not so widely recognized as the popular "spring fever," but I can assure you that I invariably feel it coming on towards the end of November. With some people it takes the form of an early enthusiasm for Christmas shopping; with others it is a violent yearning to go skating, while with me it was always the most ardent longing for "a job"—not any kind of a job, in fact just one kind of a job, and that was "to clerk" in a store, on Saturdays. Happily one of our neighbors had a store, and on being informed of my heart's desire, offered to let me come down to the store all the Saturdays before Christmas and try my hand at "clerking."

As the first Saturday drew near, uncomfortable misgivings regarding my capabilities as a saleswoman began to mingle with my delighted anticipation. I recalled several minor discomfutes of the past when something apparently as simple and easy as anything which could be imagined turned out upon experiment to hold unsuspected pitfalls for the inexperienced. "Clerking" might be the same; and when I thought of mentally adding, multiplying and subtracting when making change during rush hours I sadly regretted my low marks in mental arithmetic in my more youthful days.

The first couple of Saturdays I felt quite useless as I had feared. Customers asked for all the things, the location of which I had not yet learned, and if I did know where an article was kept, I promptly forgot when asked for it. Calculating how much paper a parcel would require was a difficulty which could be rivalled only by the anguish of upper-school algebra. Even when this momentous decision was made, further trouble lay in wait for me as the wrapping insisted on slipping off the parcel while I put the string around, generally tying my fingers

in. However, my employers and the other clerks seemed to have unlimited patience, and unobtrusively gave me a helping hand in times of special stress. Familiarity soon overcame most of the dread of changing ten dollar bills, but making change for a sixty-nine cent purchase out of a twenty-dollar bill was a harrowing experience, especially as the customer, doubting my accuracy, recounted his change painstakingly under the interested gaze of my employer.

The store was largely patronized by careful mothers planning to safeguard their families from the onslaughts of winter weather. The problem of how much material it would take to make vests for babies was one which puzzled me considerably. When told that the pride of the family was now eight months old, I still seemed unable to picture what length his arms would be. It took a little time for me to become used to the way parents of older children made a scrutiny of my figure in a desperate hope, that by making comparison between me and the absent offspring, they might arrive at a more correct estimate of the size of the garment required. Sometimes they held a contemplated purchase up against me and studied the effect. I did not object to this when the article in question was a sweater, but I never felt that I looked my best in the underwear with which I was occasionally adorned.

Of course the biggest thrill of all was when Saturday night came and I was given my pay. I do not think I have felt as rich since the times when, as a youngster, I would find a nickel, or at the very height of fortune, a dime. I am afraid that I spent the money with about the same speed too, for instead of having to dash off to the store to buy "honeymoons" and "midgets" I was at the store all day. Worse still, there were so many pretty things there, that I had a frightful time resisting them. The very first Sat-

urday I made a purchase which used up my pay for that day and the next two weeks also. As far as I can see the only remedy for this would be to work in a fish store, for I am almost certain that I would be quite impervious to the wiles of any or all fish. Still, for the first time

in my experience I emerged from my Christmas shopping with a balance instead of a deficit, and so, considering the money and the experience, felt very glad that I had succumbed to "fall fever."

—By KAY GRAHAM.

Venetia

The candle flickered, wavered and almost went out. The bowed head came up with a sudden start. For years Anthony Roskinzig had buried himself in his attic alone with his old, time-worn violin—the violin with which his father had swayed the world of music, the violin which, next to Venetia, the son loved more than anything. But his violin was a reality and Venetia was only a blurred memory.

Night after night, day after day, he had striven and racked his weary brain trying to recall those few wavering, pathetic chords of Venetia's song. How she had loved it! And now she was not with him. Sometimes when he sat in his reverie he could hear her silvery laughter and could see her exquisite features, her large, innocent eyes and her golden curls. It was cruel torture for him, poor man! How he wished he could hear her sing once more his love-song, the beautiful song he had composed for her!

Venetia had inspired him one evening as they drifted along in a gondola. The silvery moon had cast its romantic spell over them. Venetia sat there opposite him, her head tilted to one side, her lips parted as she sang softly; and how well he had played! The sobbing tones of his violin floated into the dark recesses of the night only to be returned sweeter than before.

That night he composed a lingering, passionate love-song to her. Later when he was alone he had written it and in his heart he knew it to be his masterpiece.

Then they were married and he thought even Heaven could not be sweeter. But she became ill and soon after she was taken from his side.

That had been fifty years before. Some time during the passing decades the copy of the song had been lost. Now Anthony was an old man; his memory had become clouded, and although he spent his entire time trying to remember his masterpiece, his efforts were useless. It seemed a sin to lose one's most admirable life-achievement, yet,—he had indeed forgotten it.

When he slept, it was only to be tormented by dreams of Venetia. She seemed so real, her voice so sweet, but she never sang his masterpiece. Oh, how he wished she would sing it! The thoughts of it haunted him and he lived in a trance, striving to remember.

At last he rose, put his violin on the shelf, blew out the candle and lay down on his cot to sleep. His heavy eyelids drooped and soon he was in a world of dreams. A cloud appeared on the dream horizon, and when it withdrew, he saw Venetia sitting opposite him in the gondola. They drifted along while the pale moon transformed her into a dazzling goddess. He lifted his violin to his shoulder, and drew the bow. A sobbing note pierced the silent night. He drew the bow again: this time a soft voice accompanied it. She sat there with her head tilted and lips parted, the words of the love-song breaking forth. Oh, how divinely beautiful she was, a sad smile on

her face, her rich voice floating through the enraptured air! The violin was giving forth tones which were more soulful than ever before. Every note, every chord, every tone returned as of old it had first come to him.

Anthony's eyes flew open. He sat up suddenly. A great throbbing feeling shook him. He took the violin from the shelf, drew the bow across the strings and out of the old violin came the heavenly music of the masterpiece. In the distance he could still hear a soft delightful voice singing those sweet words of love. He played as he had never played before. Then when it was over, he placed his violin reverently on the table and sat down to write. His shaking hand steadied and he wrote quickly. Each and every note was plainly marked, and soon the song was finished. With a scrawl he signed his name.

Then he played the song again. This time he could see Venetia coming toward him, singing, with her arms outstretched to him. He sank down in his chair, murmuring, "Venetia! I have accomplished my task; I have remembered. I am coming!" His violin fell to the floor with a thud. A voice, very close to him called, "Anthony!" He had found Venetia, peace, and eternal rest.

The candle flickered, wavered and went out; now there burned another light surpassing by far the brilliancy of the candle. The manuscript became a high light in the world of music. All who heard it remembered the sad story of the composer, Anthony Roskinzig, whose last moment on earth was the most glamorous moment of his entire life.

Written for "Quidnunc."

--By MARJORIE FETTERLY.



Mount Fuji

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth."

This precious verse which you all know so well reminds me of our sacred mountain in Japan. I wonder what you have in your house that has come from Japan—screens? trays? pictures? odd pieces of beautiful lacquer ware? Perhaps, if you look, you will find on some of these things, the picture of a grand old mountain with its great peak capped with snow. This is Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan.

It is the highest mountain in the empire and so beautiful that it is the pride of every Japanese. Whether we see it from north, south, east or west it is never anything but lovely, at all seasons, and at any hour of the day or night. It stands in the centre of a plain surrounded by less lofty mountains. To the south of it stretches the sea. To the north five lakes lie at its foot. So dearly do Japanese love it that they paint it on everything they use. Pictures of it are printed on the cotton cloth that the poor people wear and woven into the costly silken garments of the rich.

Mount Fuji was once an active volcano and the whole upper part of it is nothing but a mass of lava and ashes. It has been quiet for three hundred years. Inside the crater at the top of this wonderful mountain there are a great many idols which Japanese pilgrims come long distances to worship. During the two summer months when it is warm enough, thousands of pilgrims climb up to its crater. At the top they go down into the crater where

they stay all night and wait for the sun-rise.

You will wonder why these pilgrims are so anxious to climb up to the top of Fuji. They think it will make them holy, watching the magnificent sun-rise and feeling so close to the wonder of nature. We do admire the beauty of this mountain, but at the same time we learn the lesson of God which He has shown to us through His wonderful handiwork.

I wonder if any of you have ever climbed mountains. It is one of the most popular and thrilling summer sports in Japan. Climbing up a steep, narrow, crooked path is not an easy thing to do. One has to be very careful not to get lost and always watch out and follow the guide's word. Sometimes one may fall—one may be too weak to continue the journey or may have to carry another on his back but through all these experiences we learn sportsmanship and build up real true friendships.

It often makes me think of the high mountain Jesus climbed in His life. What a hard climb it was!—but how triumphantly He finished His journey! Are we all good mountain climbers in our daily life? Are we all on the right path? Do we all know that Jesus is the only true guide who leads us and helps us in our journey?

Let every one of us think of this before the New Year comes and pray that every step of our feet be more and more like those of our beloved Master! And let us look on to the time when our feet shall stand in the Gates of Heaven.

—By HANA FUKUDA.





Hallowe'en—that night of strangest mystery—this year brought forth more fun and frolic than in many years past. We commenced the memorable evening with a delicious Hallowe'en dinner. Each table was artistically decorated by the many different spirits and omens suitable to the occasion. Lighted candles and beaming pumpkin faces added a soft and mysterious touch to the dining room. A vote of thanks was moved by Ruth Gilmore to Miss Holland and her staff for the tasty dinner provided and for the artistic arrangements we owe our thanks to Miss Taylor and her class.

Though a feeling of great satisfaction and not a little drowsiness possessed us it was not long before we were well into the hustle and bustle of approaching events.

Last minute stitches, pinnings and what not occupied our minds to the full, until finally, before we realized it, we were marching before the eyes of our guests and last but not least, before the eyes of the judges. At the conclusion of this Grand March the judges retired to discuss the costumes. In the intermission we were delightfully entertained by the Dramatic Club in a play called "Every Girl." Donalda Johnston favored us with a Dutch clog dance and Bernice Duoffe gave a clever interpretation of a living scarecrow. A group of Elementaries next came forward with the Dance of the Ghosts, and Flora MacDonald, an A.T.C.M. student, rendered a piano solo.

The judges, after much consultation, having asked that the Grand March be repeated, awarded the prizes as follows:

Eleanor Hardy, who wore the most beautiful costume, representing the Queen of Sheba.

Hana Fukuda, who represented Mickey Mouse, was the most comical single costume.

Mary Arnold, Freeda Brooks, Peggy Henderson, Ditto Bass, Mary McMullen, Merle McBride, Marjorie Lister, were the most original group depicting Ben Hur in his chariot drawn by three swarthy steeds.

Margaret Harold as a farmer, Margaret Aitkens as his wife, and Dora Funnell, Melba Colquhoun, Clara Louise Mather and Kayo Barr as a team of horses were awarded first prize for the most comical group.

After singing our school song we spent a pleasant half hour with dancing and refreshments in the gym.

* * *

One Friday evening in the early Fall the school was entertained by two films in the concert hall. One was a comic strip with Charlie Chaplin, which the girls enjoyed greatly, showing that they had not forgotten the former favorite of silent pictures. The other was a most interesting illustration of David Livingstone's life struggle and explorations in Africa. This film was very educational and at the same time most entertaining.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Miss MacLean

Miss MacLean's accent places her at once as an Easterner. If you were to continue to investigate you would discover that she hails from Dalhousie University with a degree in Mathematics, that she knows much of seas and ships and sailors, and that her first venture into the west is proving an enjoyable one.

Miss Abbott.

Even a short biography of Miss Abbott must include a multitude of things for she is a person of wide interests. In brief, her life story is as follows:—Lindsay, Toronto and Victoria College, College of Education. During the course of this educational process she has picked up many friends, much knowledge of Latin and the ancients, and a deep interest in England during the next two years.

Miss McKerracher

A brilliant career at the University of Western Ontario where she acquired bachelorship and masterhood followed by two years at Cornell in search of her doctorate, is the record of Miss McKerracher before she came to O.L.C. It is apparent that Miss McKerracher brings to her teaching of the Gallic Tongue a wide knowledge and a deep sympathy.

Miss Lynch

The name of Lynch is a familiar one in the annals of O.L.C. Old numbers of the Vox speak of her as May Queen and the Mistress of Honor Club transactions. The music department records the beginnings of a promising career in music. As a member of the staff Miss Lynch brings to her school both the consummate skill of a fine musician and all the charm of a delightful personality.

Miss Martyn

Miss Martyn came from Port Hope to be with us this year. Her readiness and cheerful presence has already won for her many friends.

Miss Rogers

Miss Rogers is a graduate of Victoria College. Her home is in Toronto. O.L.C. is not only concerned about the theory of Household Science but she graciously practices what she preaches at the time of bazaars and teas.

Miss Royce

Miss Royce chose Queen's as her Alma Mater. At the University she acted as a College Don and as a member of the Library staff. Her experience in Young People's Work has been broad. We are glad to have Miss Royce here with us this year.

Miss Hunt

Although Miss Hunt's home is in Eastern Ontario she has not bestowed all her attention on that part of the province. She has taught in Northern Ontario, has graduated from Victoria College and has shown a vital interest in the concerns of O.L.C.

Miss Golden

The Musical Faculty has this year added to its staff another alumena in the person of Miss Golden. Possessed of keen sense of humour a ready wit and a very great skill as a musician, Miss Golden is both a delightful companion and an able teacher.

WHERE THE NEW GIRLS HAIL
FROM**Fifth Form:**

Marjorie Fetterly—Cornwall, Ont.
Dorothy Givins—Vancouver, B.C.
Isabel Robertson—Collingwood, Ont.

Fourth Form:

Ruth Allgeier—Copper Cliff, Ont.
Evelyn Bridges—Windsor, Ont.
Goldie Freedman—Toronto, Ont.
Muriel Johnston—Montreal, Que.
Flora MacDonald—Arnprior, Ont.
Grace Mallinson—Toronto, Ont.
Dorothy Olson—Regina, Sask.
Norma Thompson—Toronto, Ont.
Muriel Wilford—Toronto, Ont.

Third Form:

Dorothy Dean—Toronto, Ont.
 Dorothy Denovan—Winnipeg, Man.
 Kathleen Graham—Guelph, Ont.
 Eleanor Hardy—Toronto, Ont.
 Louise McBride—Toronto, Ont.
 Harriet Perry—Winnipeg, Man.
 Dorothy Small—Vancouver, B. C.
 Margaret Windsor—Calgary, Alta.

Second Form

Jessie Brooks—Prince Albert, Sask.
 Jean Henderson—Creston, B.C.
 Dorothea Innes—Richelieu Village,
 Que.
 Kathleen Kinman—Toronto, Ont.
 Margaret Pain—Hamilton, Ont.

First Form:

Alice Axford—Marlbank, Ont.
 Eileen Brooks—Prince Albert, Sask.
 Jean Buchan—Toronto, Ont.
 Dorothy Holt—Uno Park, Ont.
 Doris Mullett—Orillia, Ont.
 Thelma Purdy—Kingston, Ont.
 Adah Trestrail—Toronto, Ont.

Elementary Class:

Doris Felker—Toronto, Ont.
 Yvonne Howard—Toronto, Ont.
 Catharine Stocks—Toronto, Ont.
 Mary Stocks—Toronto, Ont.
 Ruth Reid—Uxbridge, Ont.
 Irene Hollows—Toronto, Ont.

Household Science:

Helen Bowden—Oshawa, Ont.
 Virginia Ditchburn—Gravenhurst, Ont.
 Frances Houlton—Strathroy, Ont.
 Nora Kerr—Detroit, Mich.

Electives:

Marion Crow—Toronto, Ont.
 Marion Pollard—Vancouver, B.C.
 Ethel Smeaton—Toronto, Ont.
 Donald Johnston—Calgary, Alta.

Commercial Class:

Geraldine Cooke—Moosomin, Alta.
 Agnes Benson—Cornwall, Ont.
 Clara Louise Mather—Toronto, Ont.
 Dora Funnell—London, Ont.
 Audrey Fraser—Toronto, Ont.
 Paula Fritts—Niagara Falls, Ont.
 Wilma Hardy—Toronto, Ont.
 Audrey Powers—Trenton, Ont.

SENIOR CLASS

This year the Senior Class is very small, consisting of only eighteen students, but what pep and snap that eighteen have!

The year started out with the elections, the result being as follows:

President—Ruth Gilmour.
 Vice President—Dorothy Bass.
 Secretary—Hana Fukuda.
 Treasurer—Marjorie Fetterly.
 Vox Representative—Clara Louise Mather.

This little class has big ideas for the future and we are sure they are going to be a graduating class of which we will be very proud.

What patriotic feelings they hold for their school and how we love to see them stand at attention as they raise their voices to sing a rollicking song.

We salute you Seniors and wish you the best of luck for the coming year.

JUNIOR CLASS!

Oh we are the J-U-N-I-O-R C-L-A-S-S
 of O.L.C.

And we are out for just the best in life,
 Sometimes we meet with strife

But what care we!

Yes, Sir! We're full of pep.

And Oh! how we can step!

We're out for fun, and pleasure we
 don't shirk

Who are the best? Well, now why
 should you ask?

It is the Junior Class of O.L.C.

These lines describe the Juniors of
 1930-31 perfectly!

Our class is unusually large this year having nearly two score. However, since "two heads are better than one," we believe that "many heads are better than few."

Our first meeting was held during the beginning of October and class officers were elected. The election results were:

Class Teacher—Miss Hunt.
 President—Alice Carscallen
 Vice-President—Merle McBride.
 Secretary—Virginia Ditchburn.
 Treasurer—Freeda Brooks.

Vox Representative—Evelyn Bridges.

At a later meeting the "Stunt Song" above was decided upon, and we feel that our choice was well made.

With Miss Hunt as our able Class Teacher we expect to have a very successful and pleasant year.

MEDIUMS

One night after study twelve girls came together and formed the Medium Class of '31.

Our annual stunt was given on Friday, November the twenty-eighth. If the audience enjoyed the play as much as the actors we are entirely satisfied as to the result. We appreciate very much the help given to us by Miss Johnston, our class teacher.

Class officers are as follows:

Class Teacher—Miss Johnston.

President—Mary Harshaw.

Vice President—Bernice Campbell.

Secretary—Dorothy Small.

May we keep up the high standard of past years.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class, although peppy, is not quite as active as they were in the Freshman Class last year. The old spirit of mischief seems to be depressed with the world wide depression. However, that does not mean we are depressed in activities, as you will see in our stunt which I think all old students and teachers will agree was a 100% improvement on the Freshman stunt of last year. This was the fruit of the efforts and labours of our most highly esteemed Class Teacher, Miss Lynch, the President, Jean Moore, and the Vice-President, Marjorie Allison; together with contributions which Miss Golden, Miss Merkley and Mrs. Adams made. We all hope to keep up our standards, so here's to the Sophomore Class of '31, which will be recorded as a class with rep and pep.

Other classes watch your step.

Class Officers:—

Class Teacher—Miss Lynch.

President—Jean Moore.

Vice-President—Marjorie Allison.

Sec.-Treas.—Eleanor McGarry.

Yell:—

We've got the go, the grit, the get,
We've got the class that's got the pep!

The pep, the go, the grit, the get.

We'll get the results, yes you bet

And after all is said and done

We're the Sophomores 31.

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman Class held their first meeting September 21st. The Class Officers were elected as follows:

Class Teacher—Miss Rogers

President—Eileen Brooks

Vice-President—Jean Buchan.

Sec.-Treas.—Margaret Ott.

The stunt held on October 18 was made successful by the help of Miss Rogers, and Miss Merkley, the Elementary Class Teacher.

ELEMENTARIES

The Elementaries held their first class meeting on September 15, when it was decided that Miss Merkley would be our advisory teacher. The following election took place:

President—Margaret Quinn.

Vice-President—Bernice Ducoffe

Secretary—Mary Stocks

Vox Representative—Cay Stocks.

We hope that these executives will carry out our class activities successfully.

The Elementary Class this year we hope will be the best yet. Our Stunt, on October 17, was a great success. The play called "Hallowe'en Night" in which Kay, Margaret and Olive took the leading parts produced much mirth for all. Bernice tickled our sense of humour with a dramatic account of "Ma and the Auto," while Irene delighted us with a tap dance.

COMMERCIAL CLASS

One lunch hour about the middle of October, the Commercial Class decided on having as Honorary President, Miss Culver;

as President, Gene McCormick; as Vice President, Dora Funnell; as Secretary, Paula Fritts; as Vox Representative Beatrice Kerr.

This little group represents nearly half our class but small as it is, we intend to uphold the traditions of our predecessors, and raise their standards, if we can. With the help of our teacher, Miss Culver, we are confident of accomplishing all our Alma Mater expects of us.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Honorary President—Mrs. Adams.
Class President—Mary McMullen.
Vice President—Dorothy Bass.
Secretary—Beatrice Kerr.
Treasurer—Dora Funnell.
Vox Representative—Freeda Brooks.

The members of the Dramatic Club made their first appearance before their fellow students and members of the faculty along with many visitors in the Hallowe'en Play entitled "Every Girl." The students demonstrated their individual ability brought forth by the careful and patient training of Mrs. Adams. In the opinion of many the play was one of the best staged at the College for many years. Aside from the play we have heard many recitations and readings which show clearly the advantages of this training.

The members of the Dramatic Club will entertain several times during the remaining part of the year and we are all working to continue our first success by making each entertainment better than its predecessor.

ART DEPARTMENT

Art has followed the trend of our modern age and having gained forces with the busy, mechanical world has begun to spec-

ialize in the branches of production and project work.

We no longer create for mere pleasure alone, each student analyses the fundamentals of color, form and medium with thought in mind of following a definite line of work which she is best adapted for and which will be of commercial as well as aesthetic value.

Thus a student is trained to work out her own ideas, being directed and taught to do individual thinking and work.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE CLASS

Class Teacher—Miss R. Rogers.
President—Margaret Aitkens.
Sec-Treas.—Helen Bowden.

Our Household Science Class of 1930-31 consists of but six students. Though it is not a large class we are not discouraged, as we have chosen as our maxim "Quality" and not "Quantity."

We organized our class early in October electing Miss Rogers as Class Teacher and Margaret Aitkens the only Household Science Senior, as president. Helen Bowden was chosen as Secretary Treasurer, and Helen Moore as Class Representative for the Vox.

The activities of our class members have been varied. Two of our members, Helen Bowden and Virginia Ditchburn, have played on the basketball teams; Helen as forward on the first team, and Virginia as guard on the second team. Although the remaining members of the class do not take an active part in playing the game, we show our interest by preparing the refreshments for the teams and their guests. All the candy you ate at the S. C. M. was prepared by the Household Science Girls with the help of a few other dependable girls.





Advisory Teacher—Miss Royce.

President—Mary Arnold.

Vice-President—Hana Fukuda.

Secretary—Muriel Johnson.

Treasurer—Harriet Perry

Business Manager—Dora Funnell.

"Peace on earth good will toward men."

What could be more truly appropriate to the teachings the S.C.M. is trying to live by, and impart to others, than this beautiful Christmas Message? Peace and goodwill,—are the very key notes to happiness in school life and elsewhere. If we feel that we have achieved anything towards this great goal, it will be a wonderful work that has been accomplished. Especially at Christmas do we feel nearer to our aim that at any other season everyone is just a little kinder, a little more considerate and happier as they radiate the joyous Christmas spirit of peace and good will and love.

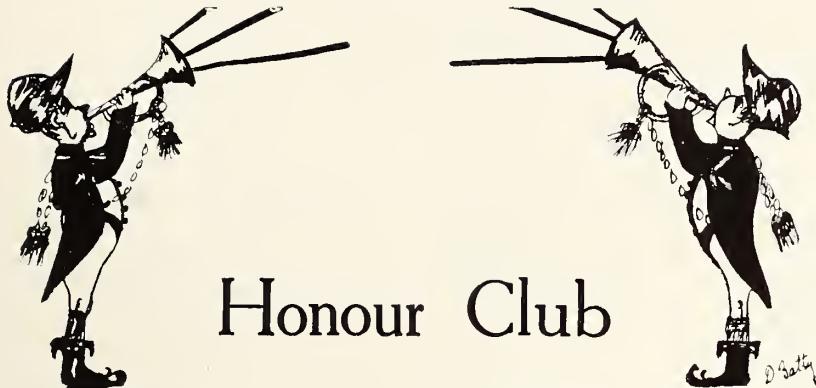
The first meeting of the Student Christian Movement was held in the Common Room when Miss Maxwell gave us an in-

teresting talk which inspired us with hope and a new desire to work and co-operate in the school activities for the coming year.

We were very glad to be able to send Mary Arnold and Hana Fukuda as representatives of this movement in our school to the Elgin House Conference, and on their return everyone was very greatly impressed by the report on the activities and work of the students and leaders gathered there.

The first S.C.M. party was arranged and played on the suggestion that we were all in Japan to spend an evening, listening to Japanese solos by Hana and Miss Golden, and a very interesting talk on Japanese life by Miss McArthur who has spent many years in that country.

We hope that the S.C.M. will be a source of help and inspiration to every girl this year, and now the S.C.M. joins in wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year.



Honour Club

Council

Advisory Teachers—Miss Taylor, Miss Abbott.

President—Lillian Arnold.

Vice-President—Flora MacDonald.

Secretary—Marjorie Lister.

Senior Class Representative—Ruth Gilmour.

Junior Class Representative—Alice Carscallen.

S. C. M. Representative—Mary Arnold.

Athletic Representative—Beatrice Yuill.

Remaining Classes Representative—Helen Summers.

Honour Club Motto:

"He conquers who conquers himself."

New girls and initiation! How inseparable the two ideas are! Thus on the nineteenth of September, the new girls passed through the century old regime of initiation.

As soon as school was in full swing, rumours began to circulate that made the new girls uneasy. Just what did all those whisperings and giggles on the part of the old girls mean? If any new girls asked what was going to happen, the answer, "You'll soon find out," was not very comforting.

And so, it was the nineteenth of September that the dreaded day was to be. One of the customs of the school was, a new girl must do whatever an old girl requested of her during initiation day. Bright and early Friday morning, old girls were on the watch for defenceless and hapless new girls to make their beds, wash bureaus, shake rugs. Some of the new

girls retaliated by placing crumpled biscuits in the beds.

When the girls assembled for breakfast in the Common Room, the line of distinction between the old and new girls was very evident. The new girls had their hair contrary to their customary partings, and in addition, wore one light colored stocking and one black stocking with shoes that did not match.

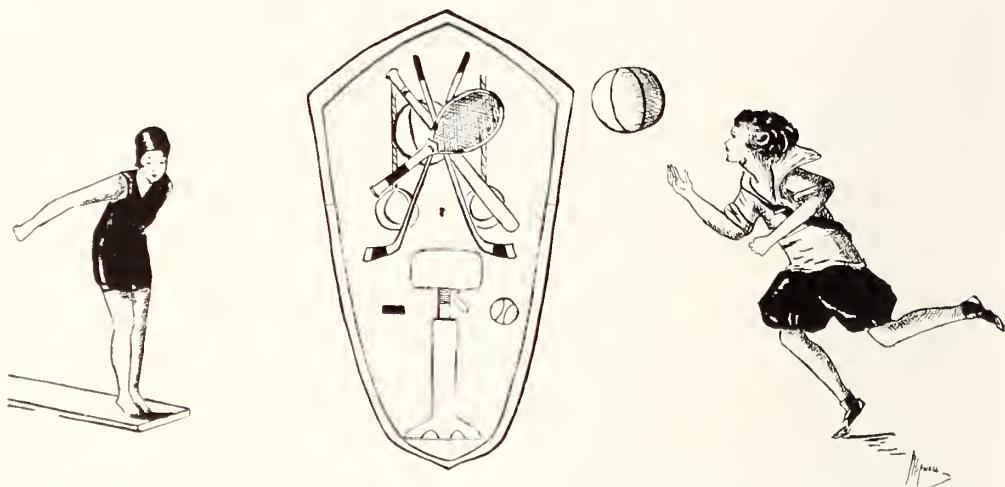
At breakfast time, these indignities were multiplied. Law and order decreed that every new girl should eat with a fork, and by means of a fork only. Also, they could refuse no food that was offered to them. The old girls were very solicitous in this respect and made sure not a speck of food remained on the table. Many thanks are due to the old girls who helped to make the new girls the objects of their care.

That night the victims, dressed as babies (and such babies too!) were lined up in the Main Hall, led blind-folded one by one to run the gauntlet of the final stage in initiation. Calm came at the end of the stormy but short trip through the hall, and soon everyone was in the gymnasium for summoning to court the new girls who had shown signs of rebellion during the day.

By the time the court session was completed, all rebellion was quieted so that new and old girls danced peaceably together.

The next day, the new girls were new girls no longer but had been through fire and water for their new school, and now all were old girls of O.L.C.

ATHLETICS



Officers of the Athletic Association

Hon. President—Miss Merkley.
 School Captain—Beatrice Yuill.
 Secretary Captain—Beatrice Fraser.
 Treas. Captain—Peggy Henderson.
 Business Manager—Isobel Robertson.

Athletic Reception

The beginning of the new school year brought, as it seemed to the few old girls, throngs of new students.

Throughout the school there was a strained atmosphere—the old girls felt lost for everywhere there seemed to be new faces while the new girls were wondering where to go and what to do next.

And so, to rid us all of that bewildered feeling a reception was given by the Athletic Association on the first Friday evening of the year.

The guests were received by Beatrice Yuill, school captain, Miss Merkley, Miss Maxwell, Dr. and Mrs. Carscallen; and were welcomed both to the evening's entertainment and to the school by the School Captain and by Miss Maxwell and Dr. Carscallen.

There was a short program with numbers given by Miss Johnston, Miss Hen-

derson, Miss Lynch, Miss Golden and Mrs. Adams.

Dorothy Olson won the school pennant which was the prize for knowing the greatest number of old girls.

The effect of the whole evening was to make us forget that we were old girls or new girls and realize that we were all O.L.C. girls

BASKETBALL

Basketball is the only sport in which we have met other schools. In the fall we played volley-ball, slug ball, baseball and tennis in our game hours and hope to play hockey against other schools this winter.

First Team:

Forwards—Helen Bowden, Beatrice Yuill.

Centres—Beatrice Fraser, Norma Thompson.

Guards—Merle McBride, Mary McMullen.

Second Team:

Forwards—Peggy Henderson, Elizabeth McInnis.

Centres—Freeda Brooks, Betty Harcourt.

Guards—Isobel Robertson, Dorothy Donovan.

Subs.—Marjorie Fetterly, Agnes Benson, Virginia Ditchburn, Bernice Campbell.

B.B.C. vs. O.L.C.

Our first game this year was played in the new Collegiate gym in Oshawa. The teams were very evenly matched but the game ended with the score 42-34 in our favor.

O.L.C. vs. Loretta Abbey.

As we were not able to have Loretta Abbey down here for a return game last year we were very pleased to have them early this year. We were very lucky again, the final score for the first team being 49-16 in our favor, and our second team also won their first game 29-24.

O.L.C. vs. Hatfield Hall.

We played against Hatfield Hall the first Saturday after we came back from our Thanksgiving Holidays and everyone seemed to be in good form. This game also went in our favor and the score was 36-30.

We are looking forward to our game this Saturday as we realize what a wonderful team we are up against.

We still have about four more games to play and we are hoping to do as well as we have so far this year.

There are still many things to look forward to later on in the year.

The tennis tournaments and the inter-form basketball games come after the hockey. In May and June we have probably the most exciting events which are the Field Meet and Swimming Meet.

Don't forget the Athletic Tea which is soon after Christmas and is held in the gymnasium.

RIDING CLASS

A wholesome, lively and fun-loving group, is the riding class. No wonder!—Haven't they everything to make them that way? Out of doors at a glorious, vigorous sport, off to a picnic of hot dogs, coffee and marshmallows, um, um, and then to

that display of brave and dashing horsemanship—the Royal Winter Fair.

They couldn't wish for a better instructor and chaperone than Mrs. Perry, and from all reports, they don't. They call her "a good sport" and to me, that is the ace of compliments. On their picnic she kept a watchful eye on them while they rode out, climbed fences, jumped creeks, played around, ate lunch and rode home. At the Horse Show she made sure they missed nothing of the gallant performances of man and beast. We thank you, Mrs. Perry, and hope you will keep our riding girls healthy and happy all year.

SWIMMING

There the pool lies, green, cool, inviting. No wonder then that practically every girl is a great swimming enthusiast. Nowadays, swimming is practically a necessary accomplishment for both girls and boys. It develops grace of body, strength, and self control and presence of mind.

Miss Merkley is the instructor of the most advanced classes, and also of the elementary students. There are three classes, however, taught by Peggy Henderson, Ruth Gilmour and Mary Adams. These are the classes for the Bronze Medallion, an award for life-saving given by the Royal Life Saving Society of England. Also one of Miss Merkley's classes is prepared for the Award of Merit for which a Silver Medallion is given by this Society. The highest award given here is for a special test for O. L. C.

But there is time for pleasure also. Almost any afternoon the pool is set aside from five till five-thirty for swimming for swimming's sake, and recreation. After a hard day's work, there are many girls who choose this pleasant way of combining pleasure and healthful exercise.

When one thinks of what this accomplishment may mean in saving a life some day, it is seen that time spent in swimming is certainly well spent, for who knows when a drowning person may be saved from a horrible death by someone who took swimming here at O. L. C.



The students so far this year have given evidence of being distinctly music-loving, for in spite of the fact that we have only two graduates in the department, yet musical tastes and interest are keen. One has only to see the surprisingly large numbers who gather at the Twilight Sunday Musicales to realize that they appreciate good things and are learning to recognize the differences between the various schools of composition.

And just a word here about these Sunday Musicales: they will continue to be given more or less regularly every fortnight for the rest of the year. In the programs the Music Faculty are doing their utmost to present compositions which are interesting not only in themselves, but which will prove to be real and constructive guides to intelligent and appreciative listening, and which will enable the students to want only the best in the world of music.

We should like to see these Musicales become an established custom here in our old school, and if they continue to receive the support that is now being given them there seems to be no reason why they should not—in time—become one more tradition of O.L.C.

Early in the season several of the voice students went into the city to hear Edward

Johnson at Massey Hall; and they came back with only the most superlative praise to give him. If we are to go by the critics, he is assuredly one of the great singers of our day.

On Wednesday evening, November 5th, a small group drove up to hear Paderewski. It was his 70th birthday, and quite apart from the musical significance of the occasion, it was interesting to see him and to review his long and successful career as both musician and statesman.

He played a tremendous program, but since his Beethoven and Debussy—classic and modern—were so comfortably satisfying, it really didn't matter about the rest.

Probably the concert hall of Ontario Ladies' College has never held a more enthusiastic audience than the one which gathered on the evening of October 22nd, to hear Mieczyslaw Munz: and that same audience dispersed feeling that they had listened to one of the pianistic giants of the day.

To begin with, he gave a straight half hour of Bach, the aria and thirty variations; an exhibition of crystal-clear technique and restrained yet poetic reading: above all Mr. Munz revealed in this an exquisite delicacy of tone and an amazing use of contrast.

He followed with two Sonatas of Scarlatti, and the "Suite Antique" of Hofmann, the Schubert-Liszt "Soire de Vienne" and the Liadow Prelude. The two latter fairly danced with flowing, rhythmic gaiety that rose to true emotional fire and imaginative heights in the Spanish Rhapsody of Liszt.

Mr. Munz' technique is so complete that we forget to wonder at it in sheer delight of his playing. Technique becomes merely the medium of beauty.

The applause was nothing short of clamour—long and sustained; he came back with two Chopin Etudes, a Mazurka, a Prelude, and the very lovely Dohnanzi Etude.

It was not the least part of this man's charm, that, after such an execution, he should sit down and graciously autograph those programs with which half-a-hundred schoolgirls plied him.

All who listened will follow his career with interest, since Mieczyslaw Munz is a very young man, it may be, that some day, he will lend his great powers to the interpretations of Debussy and the other moderns.

—By HELEN F. JOHNSTON.

THE CHOIR

KAY GRAHAM.

The choir, as a whole, deserves much praise for the splendid work they are doing this year, and for the time they are so willingly giving to the practising of hymns for the Chapel services—the results achieved being excellent. At present they are busy preparing Christmas carols and anthems under the direction of Miss Henderson and her faithful pianist, Miss Hana Fukuda. For their never failing patience and helpful supervision we have unlimited appreciation.

The choir and school have learned a great many new tunes from the "Canadian Hymnal" and the "Songs for Worship," books which have recently been procured by the College. The tone is much better placed and the descants of two-part singing both in hymns and anthems make the music more interesting. Those who are so generously lending their assistance are:

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Miss Henderson | Dorothy Givins |
| Miss Lynch | Mary Harshaw |
| Miss Golden | Helen Bowden |
| Hana Fukuda | Gene McCormick |
| Dorothy Olson | Marjorie Fetterly |
| Flora MacDonald | Edna McLeod |
| Margaret Harold | |
| Kay Graham | Adah Trestrail |





JOKES



*If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age,
Laugh at the age of the jokes.*

Mary: I'm going to marry a handsome man and a good provider.

Ditto: You can't, that is bigamy.

* * *

After considerable contemplation the chemically minded students have decided that from the material in the school and with the aid of a few test tubes and bottles of sulphuric acid they could produce a perfect specimen of the feminine gender.

Secretly they informed us that the paragon would possess the following:

Gerry Cook's golden hair.

Bud Yuill's beautiful teeth.

Mary Arnold's infectious smile.

Peggy Henderson's slim figure.

Betty Harcourt's dancing and dramatic ability.

Norma Thompson's basketball technique.

Freeda Brooks' golf swing (minus the accompanying expressions).

Clara Louise Mather's ability to play bridge.

Marion Pollard's skill at drawing.

Maxine Simpson's ability to play the piano.

Bea Fraser's apparent ease of getting along with members of the opposite sex.

Marg. Aitken's aptitude for keeping house (she really is a fine cook).

Dora Funnell's happy disposition and unselfish nature.

Dorothy Givins' ability to sing jazz and accompany herself on the ukulele.

Mary Qua's passion for neatness.

Lill Arnold's unfailing devotion to her duty.

Harriet Perry's aptitude for amusing people and thus making the world radiate with good humor.

Jean Moore's luck in getting marks and doing no work.

Dorothy Small's law abiding soul which always keeps to the school regulations.

If such a paragon of virtue ever existed we shudder to think of the effect on the rest of the populace.

* * *

Dora: Helen, what is an iceberg?

Helen B.: Why, it's kind of a permanent wave, Dora.

* * *

Marg.—Your neck looks like a typewriter, C. L.

C. L.: How come?

Marg.: Under-wood.

* * *

She flunked in Latin, failed in French,
We heard her sadly hiss
"I'd like to find the guy who said
That ignorance is bliss."

* * *

An illiterate farmer wishing to enter some animals at the fair, wrote to the sec-

S. Betty.

retary as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of taking the prize."

* * *

Sir Launcelot—"I must away to ye Round Table."

Queen Guinevere—"Now wouldest thou leave me flatte for a wilde partye at ye olde Knight Club?"

* * *

Miss Johnston—"Say, Mr. Atkinson, haven't these Russians queer names? Androvitch, Jackovitch, Stephanvitch."

Mr. Atkinson—"That's so ,you can't tell vitch is vitch!"

* * *

Teacher—"So you confess to being the one who wrote on the blackboard, "Our teacher is a Mutt."

Pupil—"Yes."

Teacher—"I'm glad that for once you have spoken the truth."

* * *

Miss Hunt to Modern History Class—"Once they caught Napoleon they kept him pretty well cooped-up, didn't they?"

Small Voice—"Yes, they didn't give him much Elba room."

* * *

Mary Qua—"That's a classy sweater, Jigger; did you get anything else at the store?"

Jigger—"I got a watch, but the clerk made me put it back."

* * *

Speaking of diaries, the young girl makes so many entries about her beau that instead of being a diary it turns out to be a Him-book.

* * *

Our idea of nothing is a bladeless knife without a handle.

* * *

Small Boy—"Dad, the barometer has fallen."

Father—"Very much?"

Small Boy—"About five feet."

* * *

Miss MacLean (in Chem. Class)—"Name some liquid that doesn't freeze?"

Donald—a—"Hot water."

Listen! Economic Class!

Young wives are advised not to send their pastry to the Cookery exhibition but wait until next month when the Hardware Convention will be held.

* * *

"Can you imagine anything more painful than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

"Sure, a centipede with corns."

* * *

Miss Maxwell—"I suppose you read Shakespeare?"

Ruth—"Oh, yes, I read all of his stuff as soon as it comes out."

"Algernon says his new girl surely is a live wire."

"Yes, everything she wears is charged."

Famous Sayings of the Faculty

Miss Maxwell—"Good-night, girls!"

Miss MacLean—"MMmmmm???"

Miss Merkley—"Flexion and extention of the ankles!"

Mrs. Adams—"Honey."

Miss Johnston—"Now tell me frankly."

Miss Hunt—"Is Arty still in the Infirmary?"

Miss Royce—"Get out! — and stay out!" Now let us speak in terms of —

Miss McKerracher—"Girls!—I'm talking!!"

Miss Abbott (in Ancient History)—"But of course Old Nicias wasn't built for speed."

Miss Lynch—"Now that's coming along well."

Dr. Carscallen—"And when will you return??"

Miss Rogers—"That's great."

Mr. Atkinson— See Miss Johnston about that!

Mr. Slater—Head! Head!

Miss Scott—Now, when can you spare me a little extra time?

Helen S.—"What's the matter?"

Nilo—"I wrote an article on milk and Miss Rogers condensed it.

Miss MacLean (in Chem. Class) —
"Mary, tell me the physical properties of water?"

Mary Harshaw—"OH — er — Oh — it's wet."

* * *

Ideal History Examination

- When was the war of 1812?
- Who fought in the Industrial Revolution?
- In what season of the year did Washington spend his first winter in Valley Forge?
- Tell about the Swiss Navy?
- How many members belonged to the company of One Hundred Associates?
- What town was plundered in the Massacre of Lachine?
- When Napoleon returned from Elba where had he been?
- Who reigned in France at the time of Louis XIV?

* * *

The Old Woman in the Shoe

There was an old lady
She lived in a shoe,
She had a large family
Of twenty-two.

One day when to market
She was wending her way
She met an old man
Whose hair was grey.

"You look troubled, dear woman,
Please tell me thy pain,
And I will try to help you
To be happy again."

"I have so much work
I don't know what to do.
My children won't help me,
And I've got twenty-two."

The old man said to her:
"With such a lazy bunch,
You should put them to bed,
Without any lunch."

She took his advice
And to bed sent them all.
Then they repented
And started to bawl.

And now, my dear children,
The moral you see
Is to try and help others
And not be la-z-y.

.. —By HELEN CARSACALEN

* * *

"How are you feeling, old man?" inquired the doctor of one of his patients.

"Not so bad, doctor, but my breathing troubles me," replied the patient.

"Well," assured the doctor, "I'll see if I can stop that tomorrow."

* * *

Jin Ditchburn has not come out very well in her first encounter with the cookery book. She ran to Miss Rogers' room and said, "Miss Rogers, I can't understand it. The recipe says clearly, 'Bring to a boil on a brisk fire, stirring for two minutes. Then beat it for ten minutes—and when I came back again it was burned to a cinder."

* * *

And did you ever hear about the teacher who told her class that a preposition is a poor thing to end a sentence "WITH."

* * *

Nora Kerr (arrested for speeding) —
"But officer, I go to O.L.C."

Officer—"Sorry, but ignorance is no excuse."

* * *

North Pole,
January 32/32.

Mine Dear Luke:

I ain't written you for such a long time that I haf decided to take up mine pen and ink and right you mitt a lead pencil. It has been so long sense I seen you that I vish we liffed closer apart. Do you rememver them days ven us vent to dif-ferant schools togedder?

Little Abie Dinklestein is got the mumps. He is haffing a swell time. Aunt

Lizzie is near death's door. The doctor thinks he can pull her through.

I am sending by male your vinter cote. To safe charges I haff cut off all der buttons. You will find them in the right hand pocket.

Your luffing brudder,
Ikey.

P,st. I haff chust received the fife bucks vitch I owe yer but haff closed the letter and cant get dem in.

I-key.

Two times P. S.: If you dont receive dis letter write and I'll send you anudder.
I-key.

Miss Martyn—"Norma, you have spent three months at basketball and what have you got for your pains?"

Norma—"Liniment."

* * *

Dr. Carscallen—"How do the 3rd and 4th form girls march?"

Miss Merkley—"Rank and vile."

* * *

Miss Hunt (seeing hand raised)—"What is it, Tommy?"

Tommy—"I can't do this problem. Will you do it for me please?"

Miss Hunt—"But, Tommy, that wouldn't be right."

Tommy—"I know it wouldn't, but have a try anyway."

* * *

Elementary Howlers

Yvonne (History) LaSalle often took ill when he needed the most.

Cay (History)—The result was none of the Huron Missions lasted and only one lived to tell the tale.

(Use of words) There was a great acreage of "waist."

Bernice—A caterpillar is an upholstered worm.

Yvonne—"I can't sleep with the noise on the hall."

Bernice—"Oh boy! No wonder, you make it all."

* * *

Miss Clemens—"Write a note on land and sea breezes."

(Miss Clemens leaves room)

Irene—Psst! Psst! How do you start it?

Mary S.—Put it on the wheels and push it.

* * *

Kayo (writing home)—"How do you spell 'financially'?"

Melba—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y and there are two r's in embarrassed."

* * *

Miss McLean—"What do you know about 'nitrates'?"

Mary A.—"Well, they are a lot cheaper than day rates."

* * *

Miss Abbott—"Jean, name two collective nouns."

Jean M.—"Fly paper and vacuum cleaner."

* * *

Peggy—"I have an idea."

Freeda—"Be good to it; it's in a strange place."

* * *

Eleanor—"I've had a terrible warning of approaching death."

Betty—"No, really!"

Eleanor—"Yes, I bought one of those life time fountain pens and it's broken."

* * *

Miss Hunt—"What is commonly called the unknown number?"

Helen C.—"X."

Miss Hunt—"Why?"

Helen—"No, Miss Hunt, X."



This exchange is for the purpose of acquaintanceship with outside schools, and it certainly gives us some insight into the other schools' activities, and makes us feel closer. There is nothing nicer than a feeling of fellowship between schools.

This exchanging of magazines gives our editor some ideas for the coming year and also gives us the chance to tell the other schools how we appreciate their books and to offer some suggestions if necessary.

The exchanges in this number are not very numerous because there are so many schools which do not have an early number. We have also some exchanges from last spring which did not come in time for our publication then.

May we take this opportunity of thanking the following schools and offering a few suggestions.

Halifax Ladies' College:—Your magazine is very good, but we think an addition to the "Jokes" section would be an improvement.

Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa:—We have found your "Oracle" very interesting and needless to say quite amusing.

We would like to suggest an index to the different sections of your book.

Pickering College, Newmarket:—Your magazine is very worthy of praise. You mentioned in your book that your editorial staff is small. May we say that we think you have done exceedingly well considering this handicap.

Branksome Hall, Toronto:—We liked your magazine immensely, but we think the seriousness might be broken by a few jokes.

Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison, Sackville, N.B.:—Your paper is very interesting and we can get a glimpse into your life and see the activities of Mount Allison through it.

We would like to thank the "Temperance Advocate," Oshawa, Ont., and also the following Universities from which we have received exchanges:

"Trinity University Review," Trinity College, Toronto.

"Acta Victoriana," Victoria College, in the University of Toronto.

"McMaster University Monthly," McMaster University, Hamilton.

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